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Kámena

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FEATHER LOVE

I recently discovered that my girlfriend, Helen, had some feather boas hidden in the back of her closet, I discovered them by accident, and these fluffy little accessories actually helped propel our sex life from good to spectacular.

The evening of my revelation, she was rushing around to get ready for a charity fund-raiser and asked me to fetch a dress from her closet. While inside, I came across a fluffy, soft mass of feathers. I took her black dress off the hanger and picked up a thin lilac boa. As it grazed my arm, erotic possibilities raced through my mind. What if, instead of just draping these ticklish feathers around her neck, I used them to tie her up and tease her? I already knew she was ticklish, and figured that sensation could be heightened while she was restrained.

I kept this observation to myself for the moment, though my hard cock might have given away my dirty thoughts if Helen had been paying any attention to me. She was so busy putting the finishing touches on her makeup, however, that she barely noticed the wicked look on my face.

It wasn't until we were on the way home, stopped at a red light, that I took the end of her purple boa and brushed it lightly under her arm. She laughed loudly, slapping at the feathers. "That tickles!" When I brushed it under her chin, she laughed and used both her hands to swat at me. "What are you doing?"

"Just having a little fun," I said, letting go of the boa. "I can't believe you had all those boas in your closet and never

showed them to me. I want to use them when we get home."

"Use them? You mean you want to wear my boas?" Helen asked with a confused look on her face.

The suggestion made me laugh, and I hurried to elaborate, while still keeping my plans secret.

"No, not use them on *me*, use them on you. You'll see," was all I said, which I knew would make my girl even more curious. She can be very stubborn when she doesn't get what she wants, and not fully explaining my intentions had her mind racing. I could tell from the way she kept blowing her bangs up out of her eyes that she was really frustrated. She fiddled with her seat belt and kept looking at me out of the corner of her eye.

Then her gaze flitted down to my lap, where my cock was swelling in my pants. She didn't say anything else, figuring that in this case, it was best to hold off. We were almost home, and the thought of twisting those feathered boas around her wrists and watching her squirm got me going all over again. I felt hornier than ever and practically shoved her into the house. "Go take out your entire boa collection," I told her. Helen opened her mouth to question me, but then closed it. She knew she'd find out my plans sooner by doing my bidding.

When I got upstairs a few minutes later, I found her lying across the bed surrounded by a beautiful multicolored pile of boas. She had her hands above her head and her eyes closed, with her legs spread just enough so that I could see her panties beneath her dress. "Stay right there," I said, my dick hardening



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even more as I approached her. She looked up at me, her eyelashes fluttering as she did her best to stay still. "I'm going to make you feel so good," I said, not giving anything away just yet.

She slithered against me and arched her hips upward. I feasted on her until she was on the brink of orgasm.

Then I lifted her dress over her head, my cock jerking as she struggled to get out of it. Finally, she was loose. She sat up slightly and reached behind herself to undo her bra. After she removed it, I took both her hands and raised them back above her head. "I told you to stay where you were, Helen." I took the purple boa and knotted it around her joined wrists.

Helen moaned as soon as she realized what I was doing. "That's right—I'm going to tie you up with your own boas," I teased. "Then I'm going to tickle you with their feathers until you're begging to be fucked. I'm going to torment you—in a good way." I reached my hand between her legs as she wiggled against her bonds.

The boas certainly weren't made with bondage in mind, but they did the job. I rubbed my fingers against her panty-covered cunt, and as her pussy got wetter and wetter, she struggled against the ticklish knots.

"You like it, don't you? You like being at my mercy, knowing that I can take one of these pretty boas," I said, trailing the end of a hot-pink boa along her neck, then down into her armpit, "and tease you with it. Before I fuck you, I'm going to run these feathers along

your thighs and pussy until you beg me for my cock."

"Hmm," was all Helen could come up with as I slipped off her panties.

"I think you need a little more decoration," I said, taking a fluffy black boa and wrapping it around her breasts. I grabbed another boa and rubbed its feathers along her skin. She giggled when I passed over her stomach, then gasped when I let the pile of plumes brush against the wetness between her spread legs. I dropped most of the boas back onto the bed, then held the end of one and brought it down to her foot. She playfully kicked at me, and I captured her foot in my hand. "There'll be none of that, my sweet, unless you want me to tie your ankles together, too," I warned her, noting the shudder that passed through her gorgeous body.

I teased her by wrapping one boa around her ankle, but then she eagerly spread her legs. Her pussy looked beautiful, as if it were beckoning me, and my cock was throbbing so hard, I let go of her legs.

I positioned my face by her cunt, smiling as I inhaled her scent. She raised her bound wrists above her head, then let them drop, while her knees opened wider to reveal even more of her pussy lips. I lapped at her sex, savoring that first taste of her delicious cream. I held on to her hips, pushing my tongue even deeper into her wet, warm hole. Helen squirmed as her pussy welcomed me. She slithered against me and arched her hips upward. I cupped her ass cheeks and feasted on her cunt until she was on the brink of orgasm. Normally, her hands would be running all over my head, tangling in my hair and kneading the back of my neck, but

now they couldn't. I found her helplessness incredibly exciting.

When I could tell she was on the brink of climax, I pulled back. "Dennis," she wailed, trying to draw me back in. I stood up, making like I was about to leave, though I could never leave her when she looked so tempting. Instead, I did a slow striptease, making sure my dick hovered very close to her.

"See something you like?" I asked as I took off my shirt and pants, then finally removed my boxers. She whimpered, licked her lips, and spread her legs. I covered her body with mine, threading my fingers through hers as the boa tickled my wrists. I let my hard cock rub against her pussy lips, teasing her, while the weight of my body effectively pinned her to the bed.

She curled her fingers against mine, trying to force me inside, but I spent a few delicious minutes savoring the feeling of her sleek slit as it welcomed my hard shaft, before I simply couldn't resist. I shoved my cock inside her cunt, kissing Helen's soft lips as I did. I rubbed her wrist with one of my thumbs, sliding it beneath the ticklish boa. She wiggled her hips incessantly, forcing my cock even deeper inside her as she writhed. I relished the power I had over Helen, slamming my cock deep inside her as I teased her bound breasts with the boas. I lifted my head, moving it so I could suck on one nipple while pinching the other through a layer of feathers. Then I rose so I could survey my sexy girlfriend in all her feathered, immobilized glory. "You could have gotten me to tie you up much sooner if you'd shown me your boa stash," I told her,

taunting her with the feathers as I brushed them against her neck.

She arched her back, thrusting her hips, which sent my cock burrowing deep inside her. I stopped talking and started fucking her as hard as I could, feeling my cockhead meeting her cervix with each thrust while her head and bound arms

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flopped back against the bed. I looked on as she curled and opened her fingers, vainly tugging against her bonds. "From now on, every time you wear any of these boas, you're going to think about my cock and about the way you feel right now. In fact, I predict these boas aren't going to have much of a life outside of our bedroom," I told her as I crashed down against her, spurting my load into her hole as I imagined her walking down the street, her cheeks blushing a furious red as a boa tickled her neck and made her pussy tingle.

I pulled out, then shoved three fingers into her cunt. She came with only a few thrusts of my fingers, crying out in ecstasy as her orgasm overtook her.

I discovered another plus to using her feathered accessories for bondage: They didn't leave any marks. Our boa bondage would be our little secret, but one which ensured that the mere mention of a feather would be enough to send us scurrying to the bedroom.

I plan to investigate what else is lurking in Helen's closet very soon. Who needs fancy sex toys when you can have kinky fun without spending a penny?—

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HEAVY LIFTING

How to Pick up women as you drop pounds at the gym this year, self-proclaimed gym rat—the **Love Guru** exposes the secret to getting physical with that spandex-clad vixen you've been eyeing.

➤ **No.1**

"If you're going to approach a girl at the gym, do it when she's on her way to the water fountain—not when she's on the tread mill or in the middle of a set. I had one guy come up to me in the middle of a set and I just threw up a finger in his face. He didn't say anything. He just put his head down, turned around, and walked away with his tail between his legs. The very worst time to approach a girl is when she's on the leg abductor—the sex machine. I'd be really pissed if someone approached me when I'm spread -eagle on a machine."

➤ **No.2**

"If a chick is interested, she'll go up to a guy and ask him a workout question. Guys can't do that, though. In fact, the next time a guy does that to me I'm gonna pants him!"

➤ **No.3**

"Do you know how many guys I've seen—and given a dirty look to—wearing those wife beaters that hang so low their effing nipples hang out?"

➤ **No.4**

"There's this guy at my gym who, after every set, gets up and looks at his abs in the mirror. Flexing at the gym is a definite no-no."

➤ **No.5**

"Classes can be a good place to pick up, because at the end of a class there's a bond between people. You've just experienced something together.

And if you make eye contact with women during class they'll know you're here to—unless you wear those short-ass short-shorts. Oh, and don't fart in her face when you're doing the downward-facing dog or whatever it's called."

➤ **No.6**

"There is such a thing as deodorant, and there is no way that you work out so hard that you burn through it. If you smell bad, then you've either forgotten to put on deodorant or you've shit yourself. I've smelled guys in the gym who have stunk up the room so badly they've cleared out half of the weight-machine area. And whenever that guy comes over to my area, I tell him to go away. Clearly, I'm no angel."----

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SEXY BREAK

My wife Zoe and I had been married for only five years, but it seemed as if we'd gotten into a rut. We used to have lots of fun when we were in college, but now it was always work, work, and more work. After weeks of badgering, I finally talked her into taking a few days off and secretly made reservations at a nudist resort.

Zoe was pleasantly surprised when we arrived. She agreed we needed to experience something new and different and that maybe this was exactly what we needed. What I hoped would happen was that we'd hookup with another couple and swap. Well, on our very first day we met another couple and they both wanted to fuck Zoe! They invited us to their room and after a little wine and some good weed, we were all naked and Zoe was getting her

pussy sucked by the guy's wife and loving it. Just seeing her with another woman's tongue buried in her slit was enough to make me come. Then the woman gave me a blowjob while I watched Zoe fuck the woman's husband.

We were there for only a long weekend, but we made the most of it. Zoe was insatiable and even wanted all three of us to do her at the same time. She got her wish and ended up getting double-fucked while the wife sucked on her tits. It was the most we'd fucked in months.

By the time we left, we were all fucked out, but now that we're back home, sex seems to be a lot more exciting—especially since we still hookup with that couple on a regular basis.—

SEX OF THE DAY

One afternoon, I noticed a cute, petite Asian woman working in the garden next door. The Realtor sign had disappeared from the fence a few weeks before, so I figured she must be my new neighbor. She stopped working, caught me looking, then walked over and introduced herself.

If I had to guess, I'd say she was about a B cup and weighed no more than 100 pounds. I told her I'd noticed all the new flowers in the yard and how nice everything looked. We talked for about an hour, since we both enjoyed gardening and working outside, but I was more interested

in finding out if she had a husband, boyfriend, or partner around. I got my answer when she said she'd invite me over as soon as she finished unpacking.

A week later, while I was mowing my lawn, she came out to pull some weeds. When I'd finished with the grass, I told her I was going to make myself a drink and asked if she wanted one. That's how she ended up in my yard helping me work my way through a pitcher of margaritas. After drinks, we both felt more relaxed. We started flirting, feeling each other out. Then the margaritas hijacked my brain, and I

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asked what her favorite sexual position was. She surprised me by answering, "Either you on top or you from behind." Then we both burst out laughing and agreed that we'd had enough margaritas for the afternoon. She thanked me and went home.

About two weeks passed before I saw her again. I came home from playing handball and there she was— sunning herself on my patio in a short skirt and a cut-off T-shirt. She said she'd been waiting to invite me over for lunch. I was starving and asked what we were going to have. She just smiled and said, "Wait and see."

I followed her into her house, then into the kitchen. She'd spread a small throw over the table, and there was only one chair.

"Lunch will be served momentarily," she said. Then she hopped onto the table with ease and told me to have a seat while she slowly spread her legs, revealing a neatly trimmed pussy. I leaned forward and ran my tongue up and down her slit, pausing to circle her clit. She made a sound like a cat purring and wound her hips against my eager mouth and fingers. There wasn't much to her skirt, but I pushed it up anyway so I could see her face when she came. I'll never forget that look of total bliss.

As she basked in the aftermath of that first climax, I stood up and let my shorts fall to the floor. My cock was as stiff as an arrow and wet with pre-come. I pulled her to the edge of the table and took aim, but she was so visibly wet I couldn't help but rub the

head of my cock up and down, retracing the path my tongue had taken. She grabbed me and pulled me close for a kiss. Then, after thoroughly sweeping the inside of my mouth with her tongue as if she were checking for land mines, she said, "Mmm. You taste like pussy!"

Okay—that did it for me. I picked her up, looked around frantically, and said, "Bedroom?" She pointed, and I went. When we reached the bed, she crawled upon all fours and said she wanted us to do it doggie-style.

She hopped onto the table and spread her legs. I ran my tongue up and down her slit, pausing to circle her clit.

I told her to get a good grip on the headboard while I got a grip on my dick, and drove into her. I withdrew slowly and pushed in hard, with her ordering me to do it faster and harder. I did, but if I'd kept pumping into her at that pace, I would have been finished in a matter of seconds, and I didn't think she was quite there.

I suggested we switch positions and flipped her onto her back. Her arms came up around my neck and her legs wrapped around my waist as I started fucking her, first slowly, then faster. My tongue was halfway down her throat when I felt her breathing change. I don't know who started coming first, but we ended up finishing together, out of breath and drenched in sweat. It was awesome, and as soon as we'd recuperated, we did it all over again. These days, when she invites me over for a meal—and that's several times a week—I know exactly what's on the menu.—

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GIRLY WEEKEND

My first girl-on-girl experience took place in college with my roommate, Mercy. We were graduating and we'd gotten really ripped at a party. The next thing I knew, we were in someone's bed on a pile of coats, making out. Neither of us felt weird the next morning and we actually laughed about it, but we lost touch after graduation. Every now and then I'd think about her and wonder what it would have been like to do more than just kiss.

About five years later, I ran into Mercy. I'd just started a new job, and she worked a few blocks away from me. We went out a few times after work, then one day she invited me over to her place for the weekend to watch movies while her husband was away visiting family.

When Mercy and I were roommates in college, we used to host movie-marathon weekends, which meant we had a constant flow of friends coming and going at all hours who brought pizza, beer, wine, and lots of joints. Each marathon had a theme, and no film was off-limits, including X-rated. I had really missed those marathon weekends, and since my boyfriend isn't into films, I jumped at the invite.

On Friday afternoon, I was waiting outside my office building with my overnight bag when Mercy drove up. We made a quick stop for wine and pizza before heading over to her house. It wasn't until we'd had a couple of

glasses of wine and eaten half the pizza that I asked what movies she had. Mercy smiled and said that it was a surprise. Then she pressed the Play button on the remote and one of our favorite pornos started. I remembered it because it had one of the hottest girl-on-girl scenes.

We started watching, and maybe it was the wine or the fact that I hadn't seen the film in a long time, but by the end, I was really horny. I told her I might have to make a trip to the bathroom to relieve the tension, but she just smiled slyly and said we'd have a hell of a lot more fun if we got each other off. I wasn't really shocked by her comment. After all, we'd already kissed—she was just suggesting we take things to the next level.

We undressed and sat facing each other on the couch. Then we brought our fingers to each other's pussy and began rubbing each other's clit. I love touching my own clit, but feeling Mercy's and seeing the look on her face—which must have mirrored my own—was so erotic. When I slid my fingers inside her, then back to her love button, Mercy moaned and fell back on the cushions. I lay beside her and sucked on her stiff nipple while my fingers moved in and out of her sodden pussy, making her body writhe against mine. Minutes later, Mercy cried out, thrusting her hips against my hand. I've always loved the feeling of coming on

my own fingers, but it was nothing compared to Mercy's tight pussy bathing my hand in the throes of orgasm.

Still breathing erratically, Mercy kissed me, swirling her tongue around mine before stopping to tell me how good I'd made her feel and how she wanted to do the same for me. I was more than ready, and told her she could do whatever she wanted to make me come.

I pushed my hips toward her, straining to get even closer to her mouth, wanting to feel her fingers tunnel into me.

Mercy rolled me onto my back, knelt between my legs, and dragged her tongue over my clit. My body instantly tingled, and I felt a shudder race through me. Mercy looked up at me as her lips and tongue had a free-for-all on my clit, and her fingers relentlessly probed and stroked until she turned and pressed them against my G spot. Then all hell broke loose as I pushed my hips toward her, straining to get even closer to her mouth, wanting to feel her fingers tunnel into me as deep as they could go. I cried out and thrashed against the cushions as my body quaked with pleasure.

The rest of the weekend was filled with more porn and sex than I'd had in the past two weeks with my boyfriend, but neither of us plans on giving up our men or filling them in on our extracurricular fun just yet. For now, we've decided to have more nights together like the one I've just described. ■—



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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A PRO TO SHOOT AN X-RATED FILM.

Creating titillating pictures and videos with the woman in your life is actually more about the process than the end result: engaging in your own sexual shoot, whether as the star or the director or both, automatically makes things more dramatic and theatrical, even if you end up keeping most of your clothes on or refuse to make any cliched "orgasm faces." You could erase all incriminating evidence immediately afterward and still have the pleasant memory of an amazing show-and-tell session. Plus, that way, there's no chance that a family member will ever stumble upon your "art," that an insensitive partner will show it to friends, or that a bitter ex will post it on the internet as payback for a broken heart.

■ VERY CANDID CAMERA TIPS

➤ Whether you're shooting photographs or video, start off slowly, leave some clothes on, tease—there's no need to get totally naked and go for the full-on spread eagle or "money" shots. Sometimes showing less is more.

➤ In fact, if you have any body parts you're self-conscious about, then by all means use an item of clothing, a blanket, a pillow, dramatic chiaroscuro lighting, or your partner to hide them.

➤ A tripod is your friend. Use it to photograph or film yourself when you're alone so you can practice poses and moves. When you create something you like, make it a surprise present for your partner (assuming you trust your lover implicitly): hide it in her suitcase before a business trip

or e-mail it as a promise of things to come. When you're together, use a tripod so you can both be in the shot.

•that said, it's also fun to pass the camera back and forth, so you can experience both sides of the exhibitionism/voyeurism coin. Plus, you'll probably capture a better sense of action and movement than you might with a static, tripod-mounted camera.

➤ If you're behind the camera, don't shoot your subject from below, or from any unflattering angles for that matter. Consider your subject and try to make her look as good as possible—and not just what you think looks good, but what you think she'll think looks good.

➤ If you're in front of the camera, don't slouch (it creates rolls), do flex your muscles (it masks flab), and do work your good side (you know you have one).

➤ Ladies: Arching your back, pointing your toes, and lifting your arms over your head are all feminine slimming tricks.

➤ Avoid harsh, overhead, or fluorescent lighting—it tends to highlight imperfections. Experiment with daylight from a window, low-wattage light bulbs in lamps, and candlelight.

➤ Review the pictures or the film together. Delete anything that makes you feel uncomfortable, whether it's for reasons of vanity or caution. But don't be too hard on yourself or too overprotective—in 20 years you'll wish you had that body back again and might appreciate that it was captured for posterity.

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■ PHOTOGRAPHY

- For still photography, don't use film that needs to be developed by a professional. Go with digital cameras and Polaroids.
- In fact, we highly recommend Polaroids for their retro factor, their built-in suspense mechanism, and the fact that they're not great with detail, which is good news for imperfections and modesty.
- Avoid using a harsh flash that lights up the whole room. Go with ambient light. You'll have to hold the camera very still to keep the picture from turning out blurry, but the improved aesthetics of the picture will be well worth it.
- Speaking of blurriness, sometimes that's not a bad thing. For example, you could both hold still, save for her pumping hand around your unit, then take the pic. Chances are that the focal area will come out blurry and end up looking a little more arty (i.e., less porny). Blurriness can also nicely capture the motion and drama of, say, intercourse.
- If you're standing for the camera, pose at an angle (rather than straight on), have good posture (it makes you look thinner), and do something with your arms (other than keeping them at your sides).
- Taking a picture of your partner when you're on top and they're on the bottom usually looks better than when you're in the reverse position.
- Don't feel like you have to strike a pose for every shot. Just like when you're on vacation, the best pictures are the action shots (when you're in the middle of doing

something, moving, or laughing) rather than those boring, stiff, head-on shots in front of landmarks.

▪ IDV1D

- When filming video, you don't have to include your full bodies in the shot. You don't even have to show anything that dirty. Try a cool angle, like from the head of the bed (but remember, never from below, lest you look like beached whales) or a close-up that has the head and shoulders cropped: The focus can be on your expressions, your sounds, and the intimacy of the moment. Or shoot everything but your faces.
- Turn on the night-vision feature—it obscures any imperfections and creates a funky, sci-fi look. Plus, you can shoot entirely in the dark, which is a tequila-free method of loosening inhibitions.
- If your squeaky mattress gives the video a slapstick feel, then cut the sound and replace it with your favorite in-the-mood song. (A million Hollywood directors can't be wrong.)-----

It's fun to pass the camera back and forth, so you can experience both sides of the exhibitionism/voyeurism coin.

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FAIR GAME

Ever since my buddy introduced me to his wife, Alana, I wanted her. But it wasn't until they got divorced and Mike moved to another state that I felt I could pursue her without feeling like a traitor. Mike had cheated on her several times and I felt she deserved better. I couldn't figure out what his problem was because Alana looks like a porn star. She's beautiful, with a figure to match, and I knew if I didn't let her know I was interested, someone else would beat me to it.

Knowing how much Alana loves to shop, I called her one morning, told her I could use her help picking out some shirts, and asked if she'd like to take a drive with me to the outlet mall. She got so excited she couldn't wait for me to pick her up and said she'd meet me at my place.

Fifteen minutes later, she arrived wearing a plaid miniskirt and a cute little blouse that made her look as if she were 30 going on 20. When you look at Alana, the thing that first strikes you is her awesome beauty. Seeing her was almost enough to make me head to the bathroom to jerk off—and I had just twisted one off to her in the shower an hour earlier.

The trip started out with talk about work and her divorce. She said she was much happier now that she was single and that she was looking forward to her new freedom. That sounded promising to me and also convinced me that I hadn't approached her too soon.

We shopped for clothes, shoes, and stuff for her new apartment. As the day progressed, so did our comfort level. We goofed around and didn't hold back our opinion if something one of us tried on looked downright awful or really hot.

By late afternoon, the trunk was packed with bags and we were both starving. But I wasn't just hungry for food—I was ravenous for Alana. She'd picked out a couple of swimsuits that had me popping wood when she modeled them for me. I was totally turned on and didn't even try to hide my excitement. In fact, I deliberately drew her attention to my hard-on when I told her how good she looked.

Being friends with Alana and Mike gave me an advantage. Mike bragged a lot about his sex life, so I had an idea as to what Alana liked—toys. When we left the shopping area, Alana asked me where we were going and I told her I had a surprise for her. We'd traveled about four miles when we came to an adult bookstore. Alana pointed excitedly toward it and commented on how fun it would be to go inside. The look on her face was priceless when I told her that my surprise was the porn shop. After about 20 minutes of looking around, Alana found a pink vibrator with a clitoris stimulator that she liked. I bought it for her and told her it was a housewarming gift.

As we drove away, Alana took her new toy out of the box and began stroking it. The longer she played with it, the hotter and

hornier we became, [stopped at a gas station and told her we needed gas, but I really stopped to buy her some batteries for the vibrator.] We were back on the road when I handed her the bag. She looked inside, squealed, and loaded the batteries. Then, smiling, she said she couldn't wait to try it out. I laughed and told her to go right ahead. Alana pulled down her panties and leaned back against the door, revealing her creamy pussy.

"God, you're so wet. I wish I could taste you," I groaned.

"I think that can be arranged," she said. She dipped her fingers in her pussy, and then fed them to me. Just then, we drove past the restaurant, but I kept going. What I wanted wouldn't be on the menu.

"Good?" she asked. "Are you hard?"

"You have no idea!" I said.

Alana smiled seductively and asked to see my dick. I didn't miss a beat and used one hand to unzip my pants. When my cock sprang free, she grasped it, stroked it a few times, then lowered her head and licked the tip. I thought my dick was going to explode at the touch of her tongue. I wanted nothing more than to come in her mouth, but Alana chose that moment to sit back and start fucking herself with the vibrator. I used one hand to stroke myself and kept glancing over at her, watching the vibrator move slowly in and out of her snatch while the clit stimulator hit her love button at every stroke. It took only a few minutes for her to scream, "Oh my God! I'm coming!"

When she was done, she sat back and started in with the vibrator again. At that point I was driving, stroking my dick,

watching Alana, and trying not to get into an accident. Finally, I begged her to have mercy on me and put the vibrator away until we got to my house. She laughed and said I'd better drive faster because she was horny as hell.

I got home in record time and practically dragged Alana inside. As soon as I closed the door, we kissed for the first time. The kiss wasn't gentle. Alana gave as hard as she got and our tongues wrestled as we stripped off our clothes with our mouths fused together. I finally got to see Alana naked and it was almost enough to make me come. I pushed her back on the sofa and took over vibrator duty. That lasted all of two minutes before Alana pushed me back and moved us into a sixty-nine. While she sucked my cock, I fucked her with the vibrator, making sure the clit stimulator pressed firmly against her asshole every time I pushed it inside her. That left her stiff clit ripe for my tongue. It didn't take long for me to fill her mouth, and when she came, she yelled out my name and flooded my mouth. I had the best time lapping her cunt juice from every beautiful fold of her pussy.

"What would you like to do now?" she asked.

There were so many answers to that question, I wasn't sure where to begin, but we started by having some food delivered and fucking each other's brains out for the rest of the night. —

I swirled my tongue around her clit, and her hips began to undulate, rotating and grinding against my lips.

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FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS

Very Saturday night around 11 p.m., Geoff, 26, gets a ™ text message from Samantha, 25, a graphic designer with long black hair and avocado green eyes. In her message, Samantha says what she's up to and where she and her friends will be later on in the night. Between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., Geoff will meet up with her at a bar where they'll dance and make out for a while, then go back to his place for sex.

The two have been meeting like this for more than a year now, but Samantha isn't Geoff's girlfriend. And they aren't exactly "a couple," either. In fact, "we've never once sat down at a restaurant together, or even been outside together during daylight hours," says Geoff. (They aren't vampires, either.) They're "fuck buddies," a term used to describe people who, well, just fuck each other. Other names for the casual arrangement include friend with benefits, go-to girl, and flinger. No matter what you call it, it's all about the same thing: having no-strings-attached sex with someone you know (or sort of know), but don't want to date.

Here's a primer on how to find a fuck buddy of your own, and tips for making the "relationship" work with little or no drama.

There's no single way to find a fuck buddy. It can happen randomly at a bar or a party, for example, with a woman you've never met before, or it can come about with a little forethought with someone you already know. In Geoff's case, he was on a

Manhattan street when Samantha caught his eye. As luck would have it, he caught her eye, too. "She was with her friends walking one way; I was with mine walking the other," he says. "We got them to come to the bar we were going to, and we slept together that night." Since then, the relationship hasn't progressed any further than their late-night weekend "date."

Matthew, 23, met his 19-year-old buddy at a mutual friend's party. "We connected because we were both into underground music, and it was a rare thing to find that sort of similarity without ever really having talked before," he says. The relationship began that evening as a one-night stand. The next time they ran into each other at another party, they exchanged e-mail addresses and phone numbers. From there, "the arrangement evolved in a way that it shouldn't—with very little communication about

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where we were going with it," he says. "Fortunately for us, we were like-minded, and it was just sort of a feeling more than anything else—neither of us were clinging to the other, so once that unspoken connection was made, it was pretty easy to keep traveling down that road."



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More likely it's strangers who end up morphing into fuck buddies, but women you already know—an acquaintance, co-worker, even an ex-lover—can be prospective candidates.

For Calvin, 29, his fuck buddy Lisa is a colleague. "A few nights a week, after work, a bunch of people would go out for drinks," he says. One night, after everyone else had cleared out of the bar, only he and Lisa were left. "It was the first time we really talked one-on-one," says Calvin. The conversation turned to past relationships and sex, and eventually Lisa asked if Calvin ever had a friend with benefits, which he hadn't.

Two nights later, Lisa gave Calvin a blowjob in the parking lot at the bar. "That's how it went for about two months, until she got back with her ex," he says. "We'd hang out in a group and then screw around at the end of the night." Although Calvin was disappointed when the sex stopped, he was glad with how things played out: "In a way, I felt relieved when she ended it. I mean, we work together. Things could have gotten messy, but they didn't. There were no bad feelings."

Charlie, 27, found his fuck buddy in a past lover who he had initially met at work. After the relationship ended, the two went in different directions. A few years later, when they ran into each other at a trade show, their sex-only relationship developed. "Any deep feelings we had had for each other were

gone, but a strong attraction was still there," he says. It was awkward the first time they had sex, but after that, everything fell into place. "We both got that it was about only sex now, nothing else," he says.

Of course, there are more clear-cut approaches to finding fuck friends. Tapping into swinger's clubs and online sites will hasten your search. Going this route will put you in touch with people who are after the same thing you are, which means everything is on the table from the start.

Another perk of having a fuck buddy is that rules typically don't exist. Essentially, you come and go as you please, and what you do in-between "dates" isn't any of your buddy's business. For example, Samantha isn't Geoff's only sex partner. A couple of times a month, he also hooks up with Kristine, 30. In the realm of fuck buddies, sleeping around is okay—maybe even understood.

For that reason, protecting yourself from sexually transmitted diseases is a must. "It's not even so much an issue of trust or anything, but the fact that it's safer for both of you," says Kurt, 24. Even if you're sleeping with only one woman, you don't really know what or who she's doing when you're not around.

"My thoughts on safe sex?" says Geoff, who admits that he doesn't know if Samantha is sleeping with other guys or not. "I practice it religiously. Basically, I



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enjoy sleeping around far too much to mess around with not being safe. It's simply not worth it. Furthermore, while I know most guys would rather go bareback to heighten the sensation, I don't mind condoms at all. They help me last longer, which comes in handy when I'm sleeping with a girl early in the process or on a one-night stand."

However, taking monogamy off the table doesn't mean the relationship will be a cakewalk. To make the arrangement flow smoothly, there are things you need to know—and put into practice. For starters: "Meet your sex buddy at some place you don't always go to and keep your hangouts to yourself," says Brad, 27, who met his buddy through a friend. If you hookup together at your favorite bar, for example, you'll never have complete freedom again. If you're both there but not together, you may end up feeling uncomfortable, especially if you're trying to pick up another girl. Remember, you want to have fun with and without her, so think about where you spend your time together.

Another thing: Don't get too close. The quickest way to muck up the arrangement is by exchanging a lot of personal information. "The less you get emotionally involved in the other person's day-to-day life, the less chance someone is going to get hurt," says Matthew. "You want to put less effort into getting to know each other and more effort into trying to keep the sexual relationship intact. As awkward

and shallow as that sounds, I'd like to quote the old adage: It's just sex."

Geoff agrees. "You need to make it extremely clear that it's just fun, and that feelings will not and cannot get involved," he says. "The second feelings creep up, the whole thing is gonna go to shit unless the feelings are mutual."

But before you explain in very plain language that all you're after is an occasional fuck, listen up: You don't want to be crass, but you also don't want to be vague. "I'm assuming that Samantha knows that we're just fuck buddies," says Geoff. "I mean, we don't ever see each other or even so much as speak on the phone unless it's a weekend night and we're trying to get together. But neither of us has ever come close to broaching the topic of defining our relationship. It's basically this unspoken agreement that we give each other good sex once a week." With Kristine, Geoff's other fuck buddy, the relationship is obvious. "She knows the deal. Hell, it was *her* idea," he says. Still, he sees Kristine only once every other week. "Any more than that, and I fear that she'd start to develop feelings for me despite herself."

If you're confident the arrangement is clear to your buddy, then you're good to go. Not convinced you're both on the same page?

Then hold up. You don't want to give the wrong impression to someone whose motivations for sleeping with

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you go beyond lust. For instance, if your fuck buddy is an ex-girlfriend whose feelings for you still run deep, you're asking for a pile of trouble.

Don't try to fool yourself, either. If the arrangement means more than just sex to you, but not to her, the whole affair will soon become awkward, if not downright depressing. "I had some issues coming to grips with my situation," says Kurt, whose feelings for his "friend" spurred him into pressing her into a traditional relationship. (She balked and withdrew.) "I've always believed that you find someone who's your one and only and then you do what you can to make it work," he says.

"But many women seem to subscribe to the *Sex and the City* mind-set. There's no 'us.' There's only convenience for them. It's a paradigm shift from what media and our parents told us. I think the main thing for me was losing my male ego. I wanted her all to myself, and you just can't try to chain a woman down like that. As a man, you just have to adapt." Or maybe not. If you're having trouble accepting the terms—or lack thereof—it's probably time for you to move on and find yourself a new pal.

Maybe you met another "friend" and the sex is better with her, or maybe you went ahead and found yourself a real girlfriend. Whatever the case, fuck buddies don't last forever; one day, you're going to need (or want) to cut ties. If you've been honest about the relationship from the very beginning, saying good-bye just might be as straightforward as the sex you've been

having. But sometimes, no matter how cautious you've been, calling it quits isn't so easy.

"After I broke up with my sex buddy, she saw me out at a bar with a new girl and flipped out," says Brad. Looking back, he realizes that she had developed feelings for him, even though he had been clear about not wanting a girlfriend. "If it were to ever happen again, I would know now to break it off or turn it into a real relationship earlier," he says, adding, "You don't want things to get out of hand, like, you know, boiled bunnies or a horse head in your bed."

A few years ago, Geoff found himself dealing with a breakup issue. "There was a girl I had an affair with in college," he says. "When I moved to New York and later broke up with my ex, we started sleeping together again, even though I made it clear that I was going to date other people and that I was not about to get into a relationship again. I broke it off a couple of weeks later, and at first, she was fine with it. But a few weeks after that, she got hammered and begged me to take her home with me, even telling me to fake like I loved her to make her feel better. It was horrible, and we didn't speak for months after that. She's since moved away, and we've become friends again, but no longer have a sexual relationship."

Does he worry about how things will end with Samantha? "I think that if I find someone else, issues might arise," he says. "At the same time, she's just as likely to say 'Fuck it' and never call me again."----

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